

May 17th 65

Dearest Sade

It is with that I
have the opportunity of talking
with you a few minutes

(through the medium of my old pen.)

My health is good & I hope these few
lines may find you & baby's enjoying
the same great blessing. I have
recd. five letters since I've been
in the mountains, two from you
two from John Morris & one from
Mollie. I cannot tell how many
I've written, but I write to
no one but you without I
get letters & I answer all
letters I get, & write to my
Lovely Sade every three or
four weeks. The last letter
I got from you was written
January 20th & it was three
months & four days getting
to me. I am in a hurry
& have not much to write
at present. I wrote to you
some time ago that I might

come home this fall well
I may but do not look
for me, I may make up
my mind to stick to the
mountains untill I make
a raise, although gold is
nothing to be compared with
the peace & pleasure of being
at home with my dear loved
ones ~~at~~ but if I come home
& make nothing then Sally
will say I ~~skinned~~ it I
told you, you would make
nothing, well I've not made
much yet, but I kept out of
the army, which I believe well
I'd been long ago, but I'm
still living & well a little
to eat & wear & health good.
Mining is ~~go~~ the hardest work
I ever got into, Alce & me are
together yet, there has been sharp
times here about grub for
some time, the three fourth of
the people have been living
on meat strate for six weeks
there was so much flour
& grub here last fall that

...but I kept out of the
army, which I believe
well.

people was too careless
& so many men in the
mountains that they run
the flour out, other things
are tolerably plenty, flour
has been as high as \$125 per
sack pretty steep that,
\$70 is the highest that I've
paid, but it is over or nearly
so for there are boats at
Benton by this time, & then
we will have grub cheap
& plenty, if I stay another
winter in the mountains
you bet I'll lay in a year's
grub in the fall when it
is cheap, give my love to
our papa & Mother (if still alive)
& do not forget a portion of
it goes to self, & my best
respects to all inquiring
friends (if any there be) from
your loving Dadd until
death

P. D. Harris to
S. J. Harris & Baby